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GATHERED LEAVES.

BY

JAMES A. PAGE.

GATHERED LEAVES.

BY

JAMES A. PAGE,

(UNDERGRADUATE OF TRIN: COLL: DUBLIN.)

"What could so high thy rash ambition raise?—

Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?—

'Tis true,' I said, 'not void of hopes I came,

For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?

But few, alas, the casual blessing boast,

So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.'"—

Pope's Temple of Fame.

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TO

HER MAJESTY

ADELAIDE, THE QUEEN DOWAGER,

THESE POEMS

ARE

(BY HER MAJESTY'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION,)

MOST HUMBLY AND GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED.

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HEAVEN.

ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE A POEM ON HEAVEN.

AND wouldst thou ask a human tongue
To venture with an Angel's song !
And bid a mortal fancy roam
Where but immortal spirits come !
Wouldst have my daring hand aspire
 To sound one sweet, or tuneful tone ;
To sing of Heaven, on Seraph's lyre,
 My instrument, and theme unknown !

Go, bid the doleful birds of night
To sing of noon-day's dazzling light !
Go, bid the fettered captive try
The joyous harp of liberty !

But ask not one of earth's dark clod,
The mysteries of Heaven to scan,
Or swell the chords, high strung of God,
Too high for grovelling strains of man !

Beyond our cloud-encircled sense
The glories of Omnipotence ;
Too glaring for a mortal eye
The sunbeams of eternity ;
Too bright the scene where angels dwell
For aught but heavenly poet's lyre ;
No human tongue the bliss could tell,
Tho' lit with all a prophet's fire.

Then seek a lowlier song of me,
(Heaven suits not earthly minstrelsy)
Nor would I wish, nor would I dare
Attempt its joys, till entered there :
Here, let me tune to humbler lays,
Nor strain the lyre that God hath given :
Above, He'll fit it for His praise,
And string it high for songs of Heaven.

NO MORE.

No MORE !—How sad those accents lie,
How lingering on the tongue ;
The sweet, melodious symphony,
Of many a happy song.
No MORE !—There is a holiness,
A sadness, in the tone,
An echoing of the happiness,
That is for ever flown.

They strike as Memory's falling chimes
Upon Reflection's ear,
And tell of other—happier times,
Departed, yet more dear ;
Of sunny day, that now has fled,
Ere yet a stormy morrow
Each full-blown rose of joy had shed,
And left but thorns of sorrow.

And yet those words I love to hear,
 Tho' me and hopes they sever;
For friends, that once were loved and dear,
 Shall be remembered ever :
And they will speak of days to come,
 When all who loved before,
Shall meet in one eternal home,
 And meet—to part—NO MORE.

TO A FRIEND.

Oh say not this world is so dreary and dark,
To day thou couldst leave it without a regret ;
Nor tell me that hope has no lingering spark,
To rekindle thy shades of unhappiness yet !

In thy soul's gloomy heaven no beautiful star,
That still glitters bright over time's troubled main,
And tells, like the mariner's beacon afar,
Of a port, and a haven, thy wishes would gain !

As thy bark labours on thro' the merciless tide,
Are there no gentle currents of friendship or love,
Where for some happy moments secure she may ride,
From the breakers around, and the tempest above !

Was there ever a cloud that encircled thy way,
So dense, and so gloomy, that Hope's peering eye
Could not see thro' its veil some ethereal ray,
From the lamp of the soul, that is burning on high!

Was there ever a pathway thy footstep hath trod,
Where no smiling flowerets of fancy were seen,
Bedecking the robe of the dreariest sod,
And lighting the face of the loneliest scene!

Then think on the sun, on the star, on the flowers,
On all the dear friends, who are loving thee yet,
On thy hopes, on the joys of some memoried hours,
And say, couldst thou leave them without a regret!

LINES
TO THE REV. HUGH M'NEILE,
ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

HE is gone!—Yes, the child of thy love hath ascended
To joys, that so oft he hath heard thee foretell;
And welcoming songs of bright angels are blended
With our sighs, as we bid the departed farewell!

He is gone!—and thy bosom, fond father, is swelling,
And the tear-drop of nature, weak nature, *will* fall;
But Faith's piercing eye sees the fair spirit dwelling
In bliss, whence thou wouldst not thy lov'd one recall.

Yes, thou knowest the Hand, that hath culled the sweet flower,
Is the same, that first placed it to bloom on the tree;
And tho' pained for the loss, still adorest the Power,
That gave, and hath taken, thy darling from thee.

'Neath the warm airs of heaven that fair bud is blooming,
Caught up from the storm, and the tempest below ;
With fragrance the garden of beauty perfuming,
Where Jesus hath placed his own flowerets to grow.

Then weep not his absence in bright realms of glory ;
Need I bid *thee* to weep not, fond parent?—Oh no !
For thou know'st that thy child hath but journeyed before thee,
To the home of the blessed, where *thou* art to go.

SONG.

Y~~E~~ dreams of hope and joy, farewell!

Departed hours of bliss!

I hear my loved one's parting knell,

I take a last cold kiss :

They bear away my all on earth,

From earth untimely riven ;

A plant of too celestial birth

To flourish, save in heaven.

From burdened clouds the rain *will* fall,

And I must weep for thee ;

But think not I would e'er recall

Thy rising soul to me !

Oh no ! for thou wert far too dear,

And thoughts of thee shall prove

A charm to rule my conduct here,

That we may meet above !

WHAT IS FRIENDSHIP.

It is the cord affection twines
With feelings warm and high ;
That links two kindred souls of earth,
With more than earthly tie.

It can defy the blasting breath
Of Slander's poisoned tongue ;
Yea, firmer, closer, is entwined
By Calumny, and Wrong.

It can support the ponderous load
Of sorrow and of care ;
Can lift it from the aching heart,
When pressing sadly there.

It is the furnace of the soul,
Wherein its worth is tried ;
Where all it's dross must parted be,
It's gold be purified.

When from the Arctic shores of life
Keen winds of trouble blow,
And bid the slumbering embers burn,
With mightier, fiercer glow ;

Oh then, the heart, the firm, the true,
That can their power defy,
Alone is worthy to be linked
In Friendship's holy tie !—

It is a plant of heavenly growth,
As fragrant, sweet, and rare,
As ever raised it's lovely head
In earth's attainted air.

Yet not a frail, and treacherous flower,
That blossoms to the day,
And when the chilly night-winds blow,
Will wither and decay.

It is a beauteous stream that flows
To love's unbounded sea,
That rolls it's clear and limpid waves
Throughout eternity.

It is —— Oh Friendship! I could shew
Sweet images of thee,
In all that's holy, all that's fair,
In heaven, or earth, or sea.

But still methinks *thyself* to find
A fruitless task may prove,
Till sought within the blessed home
Of never-changing Love.

STANZAS.

Oh yes ! there are paths in this journey of ours,
So lovely and fair to the eye,
That oft we forget, as we walk 'mid the flowers,
How soon they must wither and die !

There are days, when the sun is so beamy and bright,
His lustre undimmed by a cloud ;
We bask in his glory, nor think of the night,
That will come with his mantling shroud !

There are times when the heart is so joyous and gay,
'Neath the sunshine of Friendship and Love ;
We think not how quickly the one may decay,
And how faithless the other may prove !

And is it not well, that our bosoms should be
So regardless of care and of sorrow ;
To-day, the blue curtain of heaven to see,
Nor be sad for the clouds of to-morrow !

Oh yes ! for the ocean of life is so dark,
If the future we feared from the past,
Where, where could we find that invincible bark,
Might weather its storms to the last !

Then be gay, where your path yet is scattered with flowers,
And smile when the sky yet is bright ;
Too gloomy and drear this life-journey of ours,
To be sad in our moments of light !

THE CASTLE.

AROUND some time-worn Castle's wall

I dearly love to stray,

When pensive shades of evening fall,

Mid ruins old and gray:

The spot where silent Solitude

Hath placed her ivy seat,

And starts if human foot intrude

Within her lone retreat.

I love the melancholy sound

Of night-breeze wandering by,

That roams the moss-grown turrets round,

With many a fitful sigh:

It seems to me as solemn wing

Of spectres hovering o'er,

Or spirit voices whispering

The joyous scenes of yore.

Oh yes ! methinks from every tower,
From every prostrate stone,
Unearthly voices seem to pour
Their low and hollow tone :
They speak of by-gone glory fled,
Of gay and happy scene,
Where now with pensive foot I tread
The wreck of what has been.

As thro' such gloomy spot I roam,
Dim visions of the past,
In thousand scenes successive come,
Each fairer than the last :
I see the phantom-forms arise—
The ghosts of ancient days
Start from the tomb of centuries
To Fancy's airy gaze.

The lofty Lord, the Ladie gay,
Within yon hall I see,
With all the bold, and fair array
Of goodly companie :
I see of Knights a gallant throng,
With high-born dames advance,
To hear the Minstrel's fairy song,
Or join the mazy dance.

I see the feudal warrior band,
 With helmet, sword, and shield,
Prepared with him to fall or stand,
 Who leads them to the field :
I see them issuing from the gate,
 With falchions lifted high ;
The echoing walls reverberate
 Their mighty battle cry !

'Tis fancy all !—for nought is seen,
 Save court with grass o'ergrown,
Deserted halls with ruin green,
 And ivy-mantled stone :
Or ash trees wild on turrets high
 Of moss-clad towers that grow,
And bend with breeze-awakened sigh,
 O'er ruin's work below.

And nought is heard, save boding yell
 Of night-bird hovering near,
The sad and lonely sentinel
 Of that deserted sphere :—
The voice of Knight and Ladie gay,
 The Minstrel's gentle lute,
The martial trumpet's echoing bray,
 All, all, are still and mute !

But oh! I love to wander yet
 These mansions of the past;
Tho' oft the shadow of regret
 Above my soul be cast;
Their ruin now may call a tear
 From Contemplation's eye,
But Fancy's memory comes to cheer,
 And wipe the sorrow dry.

THE CONFESSION.

Oh! thou hast won my maiden heart,
My joyous and my free;
And hopes of earthly happiness
Are centred all in thee:
Yes! take me, take me for thine own!
Why should my tongue deny
That I have ever looked on thee
With more than friendship's eye!

Mine never be the foolish part,
That woman plays not well;
The fierce, yet smothered fire of love
T' endure, and never tell:
Why should we blush, why should we fear
To set the passion free!
Methinks it is no shame to love,
No shame to tell it thee.

I've seen the witching Beauty oft
With ready practised smile,
A thousand simple votaries
Within her power beguile :
I've seen her frowns dispel the charm,
That bound full many a heart—
Oh, this is woman's weakness, this
A vain, degrading part !

I've seen another, once as blythe
And joyous as the day,
Now gloomy, sad, and sorrowful,
Her beauty sigh away :
She will not ease her burdened breast
Of love that struggles there—
Oh, this is woman's weakness, this
I would not wish to share !

No ! No ! I freely tell thee all ;
And let the fair one blame,
Who loves as I, and never burned
To tell the secret flame :—
Thou askest would my heart deny
Thine own for life to be,—
Take me—oh ! take me, I am thine,
I love, I live for thee !

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF TWIN SISTERS, WHO DIED ON THE SAME DAY.

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."
2 Sam. i. 23.

THEY have gone to the home of the blessed on high,
Twin Sisters on earth, and twin Angels above ;
The knot of affection nor death could untie,
Nor the grave cast a shroud on the sunlight of love.

On the stage of existence they entered together,
Each scene, every pathway, in company trod ;
In every change of the world's varied weather—
The same were their wishes, their hopes, and their God.

Was ever a tear in one Sister's blue eye
When the brow of the other was lit with a smile ;
Did one snowy bosom e'er heave with a sigh,
And the other unmoved at its feeling the while !

Was ever a hope, a delight, or a sorrow,
They shared not as one!—In the cloud of to-day,
Or the bright expectation of sunshine to-morrow;
Alike was each spirit, or saddened, or gay.

As two lovely mirrors each other reflecting,
In life's moving scene, every object that pass'd,
On the face of the one it's resemblance effecting,
O'er the other's fair surface a shadow would cast.

They were surely designed by their Maker to be
Terrestrial emblems of heavenly love,
That all might regard their affection, and see
How dear to each other are spirits above.

They were such in their lives—and methinks a command
For the Angel of death had in mercy been given,
To strike them together, nor loosen the band
That united on earth, and shall bind them in heaven!

From the first smiling hour, to the darkest—the last,
Nor life, death, or grave, the sweet sisters could sever;
And in one Angel-messenger's arms they have passed
To the same happy home—undivided for ever!

NIGHT.

Oh! I love the fair night,
With its moon and its stars,
That are riding along
In their glittering cars :
So richly bespangled
The firmament through,
As gems on a robe
Of etherial blue :
Tho' day with it's glory,
More dazzling and bright ;
Give me the pale beauty,
The sweetness of night !

Yes, I love the fair night !
When free, unconfin'd,
My spirit can roam,
Thro' the regions of mind :

On pinions of silence
Be wafted away
Through past scenes of memory,
Gloomy or gay :
Or in clouds of the future
To venture its flight ;
Oh, give me the stillness,
The silence of night !

Tho' fresh be the morn,
With it's sparkling dew,
And fair be the day,
With it's roseate hue :
Tho' minstrels of air,
And the murmuring sound
Of Nature's sweet chorus
Be swelling around :
Tho' the morn, tho' the day,
To the ear, to the sight,
Be ever so lovely,
Yet give me the night !

When nought can be heard,
In the dale, on the hill,
Save soft sighing breezes,
And babbling rill ;

Oh, then is the time,
When spirits begin
Their songs of the soul,
Heard only within !—
With it's silence, it's music,
That strangely unite,
With all it's lone pleasures,
Oh give me the night !

•

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Oh, many and fair are the flowers I have seen,
But how sadly their glory hath flown!
And the spot, where the light of their beauty hath been,
Is gloomy, deserted, and lone.

Like all that is lovely and pleasant on earth
They blossom, they bloom, they decay;
And hopes, that were kindled by joy at their birth,
Are faded, and withered as they.

But oh! there is one, and a beautiful flower,
That smiles with ethereal bloom,
And fills the pure air of it's heavenly bower
With rich, and eternal perfume.

The sweet Rose of Sharon, the Rose of the skies,
That Angels behold with delight;
Whose splendour can dazzle the cherubims eyes,
So full, so ineffably bright.

'Tis a flower that hath shone 'mid the chaos of gloom,
Ere the work of creation began;
And unwithered will smile, when eternity's tomb
Shall close upon nature and man.

Transplanted awhile from the gardens above,
It scented the world's barren sod;
The beautiful emblem, the essence of love,
The emblem, the essence of God.

It returned to its own native soil in the sky,
To flourish eternally there;
But the odour it left in its passage on high
Still scents this terrestrial air.

Oh! I've heard of this floweret; and this be my fate,
And this to my wishes be given,
To enjoy its perfume in this mortal estate,
And to gaze on its beauty in heaven.

STANZAS.

I've seen a fair and noble ship
Put forth upon the sea,
With all her shining canvass spread,
Right gay and gallantly :—
I've watched her lessening o'er the wave
With Hope's delusive eye,
Till, like the vision of a dream
She mingled with the sky.

Where is she now?—Yon orphan's tear
The awful tale may tell,
Yon widow's swelling bosom shew
Her piteous fate full well :
She sank ! with all her buoyant hearts,
So noble, and so brave ;
Wild ocean's roar their funeral knell,
And ocean's depths their grave.

And such methinks is human life,
And such is mortal man,
And every fabric, Hope can rear
On ought but heavenly plan !
All, all are fragile as the bark,
Tho' beautiful they be,
And soon may sink beneath the wave
Of fate's unfathomed sea.

Then trust not to thy vessel fair,
Thou mariner of life !
But hold thee fast by Him, who rules
The ocean's warring strife :
That when untimely she may sink,
Uplifted thou shalt rise ;
And winds, that overwhelm thy bark
Shall bear thee to the skies !

“OH, WHERE ARE THEY GONE.”

THE bubbles of childhood,
As light as the air,
With all their sweet colours
Undimmed by a care :
On whose glassy surface
The sun brightly shone :—
The bubbles of childhood,
Oh, where are they gone !

Youth's beautiful pictures
So beaming and gay,
With all their young freshness
Untouched by decay ;
With their fields, and their flowers,
Their light, and their sun ;
Youth's beautiful pictures—
Oh, where are they gone !

The eyes, that were beaming
 With hope and with love,
Like planets of evening,
 That glitter above ;
Giving gladness to all
 That they sparkled upon :
The eyes that were beaming
 Oh, where are they gone !

The hopes that were brightest,
 When all was so dark ;
Illuming the spirit
 With heavenly spark ;
Of all their gay visions
 Alas ! there are none !
The hopes that were brightest—
 Oh, where are they gone !

All, all, are departed
 As meteor's ray,
And soon we may perish
 More quickly than they ;
And some that to-day
 We are smiling upon,
May to-morrow be sighing,
 " Oh, where are they gone ! "

“WEEP NOT FOR ME.”

WEEP not for me, my faithful ones !
Nor shed a parting tear,
Tho' now my last of mortal pangs,
My destined hour draw near ;
Tho' Hell, with all his demon train,
Be gathering round the tree ;
Yet, daughters of Jerusalem,
Weep not, weep not for me !

Tho' all the load of damning guilt,
That crushed a ruined world,
In this extreme, and awful hour,
Upon my head be hurled,
Tho' all the burning wrath of God
Within my bosom be ;
Yet, daughters of Jerusalem,
Weep not, weep not for me !

Tho' I have felt the keenest rage
Of hatred, grief, and scorn ;
Tho' suffering more than man could bear,
By MAN must still be borne ;
Tho' every mortal feeling shrinks
Yon dreadful cross to see ;
Yet, daughters of Jerusalem,
Weep not, weep not for me !

I know your kind and gentle hearts
Are torn to see me die,
But wist ye not that death to me
Is life, and victory ?
Or think ye I could disobey
The Father's firm decree ?
Then, daughters of Jerusalem,
Weep not—Weep not for me !

Was I not born to bear the load
Of sorrow and of guilt ?
Does not this mortal life-blood flow
To be for mortals spilt ?
Was I not sent for sin of man
A sacrifice to be ?
Then, daughters of Jerusalem,
Weep not—Weep not for me !

Tho' death may seem with tyrant hand
To mock my sovereign power ;
Will not his dark dominion end
With my departing hour ?
On me his sceptre shall be broke,
I take his prison key ;
Then, daughters of Jerusalem,
Weep not—Weep not for me !

Shall I not burst his shattered chain,
On angels' wings to rise ;
And these my conquering trophies bear
Triumphant to the skies ?
There, could ye view my shining throne,
My radiant glory see ;
Oh, daughters of Jerusalem,
Ye would not weep for me !

“BUT WEEP FOR YOURSELVES.”

BUT weep for yourselves !—for the terrible cry
Of long-suffered guilt is ascended on high ;
Full charged are the heavens with lightning red,
And the thunder-cloud's fury is over you spread.

BUT weep for yourselves !—for with merciless hand
The demon, Destruction, is lighting his brand ;
It *is* lighted, it burns with unquenchable might,
And ere long shall Jerusalem flame with the light.

BUT weep for yourselves !—for your offspring lament,
For the bow of the spoiler is raised,—it is bent ;
The sword is unsheathed, and the spear lifted high,
And the hell-hounds of vengeance have uttered their cry.

But weep for yourselves !—Yes, soon ye shall weep,
And the voice of your wailing be awful and deep ;
Lament for the famine, the fire, and the sword,
For wrath has gone out from the face of the Lord.

STANZAS.

SHALL I flee from my friends,
When the world frowns around them,
Lest a smile from myself
That false world may withhold,
Tho' kind, and true-hearted
I still may have found them,
Shall I ever desert them
For tales that are told !

Shall I be like the sun,
That so warmly is shining,
When no cloud is seen,
O'er the heaven's blue space ;
Like the fickle, fair flowers,
That closely are twining,
Ere chilly winds come
To relax their embrace !

Thro' life let me wander
Deserted and lonely,
Let me perish unwept,
When my journey shall end ;
If fondly I cling
In prosperity only,
Let me find not on earth
Or in heaven,—a Friend !

THE EXILE'S WIFE.

Oh, I've loved thee, I've loved thee,
In glory and shame !
And I've proved thee, I've proved thee,
Yet true and the same !
I have found thee in sadness,
More gentle to me,
Than ever in gladness,
Another could be :
Then I will not, believe me,
My husband, my own,
I never will leave thee
To suffer alone !

An exile they send thee
From scenes of thy birth,
Where none can befriend thee
On that gloomy earth,

Where thy country's brave bosoms
Are pining away ;
Where Hope never blossoms,
Where Joy cannot stay :
Then I will not, believe me,
My husband, my own,
I never will leave thee
To suffer alone !

Our vows have been plighted
For joy, or for grief ;
The one has been blighted
As spring's early leaf ;
For the other came sadly
Like winds o'er the tree :
I've been with thee gladly,
And still I must be :
Yes, I never—believe me,
My husband, my own,
I never will leave thee
To suffer alone !

Oh yes ! every sorrow,
Each pang that is thine,
Some sweetness may borrow
To know it is mine ;

•

The burden is lighter
Of grief, and of care,
The darkness made brighter,
When others can share :
Then I will not, believe me,
My husband, my own,
I never will leave thee
To suffer alone !

Till thou art departed
Where troubles are o'er,
Or I, broken hearted,
Am with thee no more ;
Till death shall us sever,
The bond shall untie,
That united us ever
In sorrow, or joy :
I will not, believe me,
My husband, my own,
I never will leave thee
To suffer alone !

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A SUNNY ISLE—that Fancy views,
Beyond a stormy sea,
More smiling, green, and beautiful
Than fairy land could be ;
Where suns unclouded never set
In skies serenely bright ;
Where Nature spreads her loveliness
Unshaded to the sight.

We mark this dreamy spot afar,
Thro' Hope's delusive glass ;
We launch our boat, and spread our sail,
The treacherous waves to pass ;
To leave the gloomy shore behind,
Its dark and tainted air ;
To reach that sweet and verdant land,
And cast our anchor there.

But though along the troubled deep
Our vessel swiftly steers,
This visioned haven of the soul,
As distant yet appears ;
For 'tis a vain, unreal thing,
Deluding mortal eyes ;
The shadow of a land of bliss,
Reflected from the skies.

THE WIDOWER.

YK **CEASE**, cease, my kind, my gentle friends!

Your words of comfort are in vain :
Beneath this load my spirit bends,
And ne'er can be restored again.
These burning tears ye cannot dry,
Ye cannot soothe my bosom's strife,
Ye cannot bind the broken tie,
That held my withered soul to life.

Oh no ! ye never can restore
The lamp of life, ere while that shone,
Nor ope the adamantine door
Of that place where she has gone :
Where now methinks that I can hear
Death's pale and ghastly company,
On rival pinions hovering near
To greet a stranger fair as she !

She was the pure, the radiant gem,
That long had filled my fancy's thought,
The brightest on the diadem,
That Heaven for Virtue's brow hath wrought :
And she was mine—Oh God ! Oh God !
Why didst thou give this envied boon,
To strike it with thine awful rod,
And bid its lustre fade so soon !

Speak not to me of happier days,
When grief's first ecstasy is past ;
For dark to me the sunniest rays,
That joy would o'er my journey cast,
For she, my light, my hope, has fled—
The window of my soul is gone,
Thro' which my hopes their radiance shed,
Thro' which my beams of pleasure shone.

And now my heart must ever be
A dungeon, horrible and dark,
Where even warmth of memory,
Can kindle scarce one welcome spark ;
The sun may glitter day by day,
And all around be fair and bright :
But never will he cast a ray
Can pierce my bosom's settled night.

Then cease, my kind, my gentle friends,
Your words of comfort are in vain ;
Beneath its load my spirit bends,
And ne'er can be restored again.
My burning tears ye cannot dry,
Ye cannot soothe my bosom's strife,
Ye cannot bind the broken tie,
Ye cannot give me back my wife !

TIME.

TIME is past—when Childhood's river
 Flowed so gently toward the sea,
Childhood's sailor thought not ever
 What the ocean, Life, would be.

TIME is now—the deep before us,
 Many a stormy league is past,
Breakers round, and tempest o'er us,
 None can say how long 'twill last.

TIME will be—when all is over,
 This we needs must know full well;
What the country we discover,
 None hath e'er returned to tell!

MEMORY.

WHEN friends we loved dearly are changed, or departed,
And 'reft of them now we are dreary and lone :
By ingratitude torn, by their loss broken-hearted,
Is there nought of them left to regard as our own !

When eyes, that were bright, are bedimmed in the grave,
When the tongue's gentle melody ceases to flow ;
When the spirit returns to its Author, who gave,
Is there nought of our friend we can cherish below !

Yes, Memory ! thou hast full many a token,
Can light every fire of the soul for a while ;
Can restore every look, every word that was spoken,
And recall them again with a tear or a smile !—

When blasts of the tempest rush over a scene,
That once was so verdant, so sunny, and fair,
And leaves but a waste where it's beauties have been,
Is there nought that can tell us what beauty was there !

When darkness o'ershadows the face of the sky,
And chilly winds rush thro' the portals of night ;
Is there ne'er a glad meteor flashing on high,
Reminds us of day, and the sun's beamy light !

And when care shall have blasted the flowers of the soul,
When joys are departed, and hopes are decayed,
When midnight of grief on the spirit shall roll ;
Oh, then is there nought to illumine the shade !

Yes, Memory !—beautiful dream of the mind !
As in thy happy visions our fancy may stray,
The shades of dead flowerets oft bloom intertwined
With thorns, that encircle our journey to day.

And on those smiling shadows with lingering eye
We gaze, while the lovely delusion may last ;
Oh sad, that we e'er should awake with a sigh,
And reality tell us the vision is past !

LINES

ON THE MARRIAGE OF J. H. S. BARRY, ESQ. OF MARBURY HALL.

Oh, noble looked the Bridegroom gay,
And lovely looked the Bride,
As they led her to the altar-step,
And placed her by his side ;
While early friends, with tearful eyes
Around those loved ones press,
And many a heart to Heaven is raised
That youthful pair to bless !

Yes, tears were shed !—but they were like
The dews of rising day,
That harbinger the sun's approach,
But melt beneath his ray ;
That fall, as though they seemed to weep
For shining hours gone by,
But tell us of a brighter day,
And more unclouded sky.

The orange-flowers, that decked the Bride,
And bound her silken hair,
Seemed like the silvery wreath of light,
That crowns an angel fair ;
Trembling, as tho' that angel came
With still and airy tread,
And stirred them by the blessing breathed
Above her sister's head.

It was a holy thing to hear
Those faithful hearts declare
The sea of life, in storm or calm,
In weal or woe to share ;
When sunshine kindly beams above,
And lights the waves below,
Or when the heavens are dark and wild,
And tempests round them blow !

If e'er a dew-bespangled morn
Foretold a glorious day,
If e'er a sweet and verdant spring
Proclaimed a summer gay,
If e'er a calm and smiling sky
Bespoke a tranquil sea,
If e'er a well-spent time declared
A blest eternity ;

Ye happy pair ! so sweetly shone
Your morning's early light,
That well your anxious friends would hope
A day serenely bright ;
So joyous were your spring-tide hours,
So unalloyed by care,
We fain would trust your summer too
Shall be as gay and fair.

And thus, with beaming skies above,
On earth your lives shall be
The gliding of two vessels brave
Along a mirrored sea ;
And when the sun-lit waves of time
Your gallant barks have passed,
Safe shall ye ride with canvass furled
In heaven's bright port at last !

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY, WHO DIED OF CONSUMPTION.

THEN she has gone, and reached the shining land,
Where sister angels hymn their joyous strains;
Yes, she has gone—the Saviour took her hand,
And led her to his Father's bright domains.

She bloomed awhile, her parents pride and joy,
The fair and fleeting vision of a day;
For beauteous flowerets will the sooner die,
And sweetest will the swifter pass away.

The rose, that blushed upon her hectic cheek,
Would sometime take the lily's palid dye,
And sometime would, with deeper flush bespeak
The dread disease, that glistened in her eye.

She sank away : as does the morning star,
So gently she—And when her hour drew nigh,
Her eager spirit passed the hateful bar,
That held her from her heritage on high.

Clouds that obscured the mysteries above,
Thin, and more thin, before her vision grew,
And ere she sped to taste a Saviour's love,
The land she panted for was full in view.

SONG.

"FAREWELL! MY VISIONED DREAM HATH FLED."

FAREWELL! My visioned dream hath fled,
As sun-beam from the sea;
The rose its blighted leaves hath shed,
That bloomed alone for thee.

Farewell! The flame that burned so bright
Beneath thy sunny smiles,
Their rays withheld, hath sunk in night,
Nor more my soul beguiles.

Farewell! If thoughts of days gone by
Should swell within my breast,
Tho' breathed in many a bitter sigh,
They ne'er shall be expressed.

Farewell! I leave thee to thy pride,
That taught me to rebel;
My heart hath been too sorely tried,
And breaks to say—"Farewell!"

“CANST THOU FIND OUT GOD.”

No! Mortal, No! thy search is vain
To know the hidden ways of Him,
Whose wondrous mysteries enchain
The wingèd minds of Seraphim.

Behold in Nature's varied mine
Her endless treasures, rich and rare;
Their beauty, structure, and design,
Beyond imagination fair!

Mark well with far-exploring eye
Heaven, earth, and sea: their mighty plan,
Their loveliness, their harmony—
These let thy human fancy scan.

Or look within the Bible's page,
And read Jehovah's nature there ;
Let Justice, Mercy, Love engage,
And be thy contemplation's care.

But search not His *mysterious* ways,
'Tis knowledge ne'er to mortal given ;
Yea, 'tis a light, whose distant rays
Are veiled from angel's eyes in heaven.

STANZAS.

I wish I were a spirit light,
That sails along with viewless wings,
And as it steers it's airy flight,
Can look upon terrestrial things ;
Methinks a wider space I'd roam
Than ever spirit trod before,
Yea, all beneath yon vaulted dome
Unwearied I would traverse o'er.

I'd rest upon the dizzy height
Of many a giant mountain's head,
And view with telescopic sight
Creation's gulf beneath me spread.
"And this so vast is but a speck
Of Heaven's great universal plan !"
Oh, 'twould my prouder feeling check
To look on this, and think on man !

O'er every scene of fair and bright,
That Nature's artist-hand hath wrought,
Would I direct my raptured flight
To feed my wandering fancy's thought ;
I'd mark the hill, the dale, the stream,
The lowly flower, the stately tree ;
And think if these so wondrous seem,
What must their Lord—their Maker be !

I'd mount on bold presumptuous wing
So near the starry courts above,
That I could hear the angels sing
Their swelling harmonies of love ;
Oh, higher still I fain would soar,
Far, far, above this earthly clod,
I'd reach the wide, the shining door,
That opens to the throne of God !

SONG.

"OH, CALL ME NOT TOO LIGHT AND GAY!"

OH, call me not too light and gay,
Nor check my spirits' flow;
I may be glad at heart to-day,
But am not always so!

Dark winter's sky may glow awhile
Beneath a sunbeam's ray;
And night may own the meteor's smile,
That soon must fade away.

And thus a sad and clouded heart
Life's few fair stars may cheer,
But oh! how quickly they depart,
And leave it yet more drear.

Thus I am gay, when thou art nigh,
For thou art all to me;
My soul is winter's gloomy sky,
That owns no sun but thee.

Then call me not too light and gay,
Nor check my spirits' flow;
I may be glad at heart to-day,
But am not always so !

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

THE fairest, loveliest roses here
Are chosen for the sky ;
Too delicate for tainted air
Of dark mortality.—
Transplanted to their native soil,
They bloom eternal there,
And glitter round the throne of God,
His own peculiar care.

Oh ! she was one as purely sweet
As ever blossomed here ;
Let Friendship witness with a sigh,
And Memory with a tear :—

She left her sister-flowers to weep,
 She left the parent tree ;
And they are sad, and lonely now,
 For where, oh where, is she !—

Could mortal ken above the height
 Of mortal fancy rise ;
And look beyond the walls that hide,
 The gardens of the skies :
In that fair spot, where Jesus plants
 His choicest, dearest, flowers,
Might we behold unrivalled there,
 This loved, and lost of ours !

THE OLD MAN.

ON SEEING CHILDREN AT PLAY.

Oh happy children ! how I love
To watch your careless play ;
Regardless of to-morrow's cloud
In sunshine of to-day :
Ye bring me back to former years,
When I was gay and free :
Of all the world, it's guilt and care,
As innocent as ye.

Oh yes ! there was a holy time,
I never can forget ;
And o'er my darkest gloom of life,
It sheds a radiance yet :
As when yon bright and glorious sun
Retires behind the hill ;
But leaves his faint-reflected beams,
To cheer the landscape still.

Yet how unlike that setting orb
 My childhood's happy day;
For morn again will lead him forth
 With undiminished ray:
But years gone by are fled for aye,
 As waves adown the stream;
Tho' Memory with a sunset glow,
 Reflects the pleasing dream.

I've trod the path of human life
 Thro' all it's mazy plan,
But oh! the sweetest spot was where
 My journey first began:
Where Hope had planted smiling flowers
 So beautiful and fair,
That Sorrow was ashamed to sow
 Her thorns and brambles there.

I'd give the buoyant days of youth,
 And manhood's blooming prime;
I'd give my hopes of future years,
 For Childhood's happy time;
Since then I've trod a dreary waste,
 With few bright spots of green;
And as I journey further still,
 I find no fairer scene.

Then play, my little careless ones,
 Before the tempest blow :
Ye have not heard the thunder-peal,
 Nor seen the lightnings glow ;
I would not check your childish glee
 Tho' I am old and gray,
I have been once as young as ye,
 And love to see you play.

ODE

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

HAIL, infant author of a Nation's joy!
God guard thy sacred head, thou princely boy!
Hail the glad tidings of a Monarch's birth,
Britannia, heaven-crowned Empress of the earth!
Go, herald Fame, with eagle wing unfurled,
And spread the story to a joyful world,
O'er every realm that owns Victoria's sway,
Go bid them bless the bright, auspicious day,
That shone responsive to a people's prayer,
And gave to Albion's throne a royal heir!

How will the tale each glowing breast inspire
With all a Briton's patriotic fire,
As thousand rapturous songs of welcome rise
Thro' startled echoes of the listening skies,

And floating o'er the gladdened earth, proclaim
 Another Edward's great and glorious name
 Writ on the beaming page of England's fame!



Sweet Scion lift thine infant eyes, and see
 The mighty land whose sceptre waits for thee!
 The favored spot, great Heaven hath deigned to bless
 With fairest smiles of Nature's loveliness.
 See fertile plains in verdant beauty lie
 'Neath cloudless azure of a summer sky;
 See wide-spread vales, and gently-rising hills,
 Rejoiced with music of a hundred rills;
 The vocal grove, within whose green retreat
 Gay warblers of the air in concert meet,
 While murmuring breezes float harmonious by,
 And swell the strain of nature's minstrelsy.
 The cloud-wrapped cliffs, whose awful summits rise
 And form the vaulted archways of the skies,
 While glassy streams, that calm beneath them flow,
 Reflect another fairy scene below.

All these to grace this favored land combine,
 The heritage of thy imperial line,
 Ordained by God's omnipotent decree
 Queen of the earth, and Empress of the sea!

Come, History, all thy flaming annals bring
Before the gaze of England's future King!
Thy brilliant picture 'neath his eye unfold,
Whose canvass speaks with glorious deeds of old!
That so from infant years his country's fame
May light his bosom with the patriot's flame;
And when the course of swift-revolving time
Our Prince shall bring to manhood's blooming prime,
Then shall the great examples early taught
To noble deeds inflame his youthful thought.
And when—(Oh, every loyal bosom pray
Far distant be the dark, unwelcome day!)
When fair Victoria lays her sceptre down,
And leaves an earthly for a heavenly crown,
Her darling boy to ripened vigour grown
Shall sit exalted on his parent's throne,
And by his virtuous sway full nobly prove
The right successor to a people's love.
Oh ye, whom Heaven the awful task shall give
To teach a future Monarch how to live,
Whose daring, arduous duty is assigned
To train the pliant tendrils of his mind,
Heaven speed ye well! And may your sapling be
A true resemblance of the parent tree!
Thro' Honour's pathway guide his early youth,
And feed his bosom with the fire of Truth,

The fertile garden of his soul prepare,
And plant the seeds of after-glory there.

Oh Thou great Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Thou heavenly Ruler of terrestrial things!
To Thy imperial throne beyond the skies
United prayers of suppliant millions rise,
For great Victoria's hope, her baby-boy,
Her own sweet treasure, and her people's joy.
From Albion's hills, and verdure-vested dales,
From Cambria's frowning rocks, and streamy vales,
From Caledonia's mountains wild and hoar,
From green-clad Erin's bright and fertile shore!

"Giver of good! from whom alone proceed
"The parent-thoughts of every virtuous deed,
"From whom the stream of Truth and Justice springs,
"And Mercy, noblest attribute of kings;
"Protect our Prince with Thy paternal care,
"And all Thy richest bounties let him share;
"With generous feelings store his ripening soul,
"And guide his feet to blest Religion's goal:
"Teach him that Monarchs are to nations given
"To be the righteous ministers of Heaven;
"With regal power their country's laws to guard,
"Restrain the vicious, and the good reward;

“ From lawless force the wealthy to secure,
“ And watch the humble interests of the poor :
“ That so Britannia’s record-book may tell
“ How Albert ruled, how wisely, and how well,
“ And future kings with jealous zeal inflame
“ To emulate his virtues, and his fame ! ”

SONG.

"HE HATH LEFT ME TO MY SADNESS."

HE hath left me to my sadness,
And I see him gaily smile,
For he never marks the madness,
That distracts my soul the while :
He feels not what this bosom feels,
Nor cares that we are parted,
And well my woman's pride conceals,
How I am broken-hearted !

He loves me now no longer,
I can read it in his eye,
But my passion glows the stronger,
For I think on days gone by :

But oh ! I cannot—will not—tell,
The grief my spirit rending ;
' Twill broken be I know full well,
But still shall be unbending.

I shall see him take another
To the heart that was mine own,
But my feelings I will smother,
And their pangs shall ne'er be shewn.
Till time shall quench the flame of life,
With stream from Death's cold river,
I will not tell my bosom's strife,
But I will love him ever !

MUSIC.

ON THE AUTHOR'S BEING ASKED WHETHER HE PREFERRED
VOCAL OR INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

OH, Nature's music give to me,
'Tis more enchanting far
Than strains of choicest melody
From Art's creations are !

The soft-toned Zephyr's gentle lay,
That sighs thro' shades of even,
As tho' it mourned the parting day
To listening stars of heaven.

The plaintive notes of rippling streams,
That down the valley sing,
Like music sweet of fairy dreams,
That fancy oft will bring.

The chorus of a thousand songs,
That floats along the sky,
From airy minstrels tuneful tongues
Of softest harmony.

The silvery, clear, and gentle tones
Of some bewitching maid,
Whose power each listener's bosom owns
In kindling eye displayed.

Oh, these are Nature's music—these
Are more enchanting far
Than softest, choicest melodies
Of Art's creations are !

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,
WHO DIED AS SHE WAS ENTERING THE CHURCH TO BE MARRIED.

THEY decked her in the bridal robe,
They bound her flowing hair;
And oh! she looked as angels look,
She was so passing fair!

A gladsome train of early friends
Around their dear one cling,
And all was joy, and hopes of bliss
Around that fated thing!

The sweetest cup that mortals drink,
Too oft may poisoned be,
And such methinks had been prepared,
Thou lovely girl, for thee!

She died !—Oh, sadly—fearfully,
Ere yet the band was tied !—
They brought her lifeless to the home,
She left to be a bride !

Her silken robes they made a shroud,
They left the orange wreath,
They left each glittering ornament—
She was the bride of Death !

And laid her in the church-yard soil,
That erst so gay she trod—
Unsearchable Thy mysteries,
Thy hidden ways— Oh God !

GONE.

I COME to scenes of early years,
I tread each well-known spot,
The hill, the dale, the wood, the stream,
I find them altered not ;
But when I ask for those I loved,
Alas ! I find not one ;
Where are the friends of other years,
The long-remembered ?—Gone !

The young and gay, with whom I passed
Life's first and happiest days,
The romping boy, the prattling girl,
With all their pleasing ways ;
Who shared my sports, my joys, my grief,
My darkness, and my sun—
Where are my laughing playmates now ?
Alas ! with childhood—Gone !

The friend of youth's confiding years,
Whose bosom was the store,
Where every inmost wish or thought,
Distrustless oft I bore ;
Whose heart and mine so kindred seemed
As separate parts of one ;
Where is my youth's companion now,
The true, the faithful?—Gone !

The bright-eyed girl, whose witching glance
Enslaved my youthful breast,
Perfection of my early dream,
Of all the dearest—best ;
The beauteous idol of my thoughts,
The gem I wished my own—
Where now the gay, the smiling girl
My soul's sweet vision?—Gone !

The fine old man, whom oft I saw
Beside his cottage door ;
Who took me on his aged knee,
And told me tales of yore,
While o'er his hale, tho' time-worn face
The moon of memory shone ;
Where is the good old veteran
I loved so dearly?—Gone !

And is it so!—while Nature still
Seems changeless, and the same,
No trace of those we loved is left,
No record, but the name :
Ah yes! and I must follow them,
And all I look upon—
Where are we in a few short years?—
With all before us—Gone!

TO MY GRANDFATHER.

ON HIS EIGHTY-SEVENTH BIRTH-DAY.

WELL, thou hast reached a reverend age,
My fine, my good old man,
Thou 'rt spared us many a lingering year
Beyond th' allotted span:
And oh! it glads my soul to-day
Thine aged face to see,
Tho' I could sigh that time hath made
So sad a wreck of thee.

Thou hast been young, my gray old man!—
That snow-encircled brow
Hath once been lofty, clear, and fair,
Tho' sadly wrinkled now;
And on the mouldering tablet still
I gaze with feeling eye,
As on some time-worn monument,
The work of years gone by.

Those sunken eyes, that dimly glow
Like stars at morning light,
Or like the fading hues of day,
When lingering into night ;
Have been as brilliant as the spheres,
When darkness proves their power,
And shadeless as the purest beams
Of day's meridian hour.

The tongue that falters listlessly,
The once rejoicing tongue,
Like cord of ancient instrument
By hand of Time unstrung ;
Hath thrilled with songs of early hope,
With many a joyous air
Of sunny dreams, that now have proved
A retrospect of care.

Thou 'rt aged now—but thou hast been
The merry, laughing child,
Whose new-fledged fancy freely roves
In pathways sweetly wild ;
With bounding step of gay delight,
With love-enkindled eye,
Its flashing smile, its flitting tears,
Forgotten ere they dry.

And thou hast been the buoyant youth,
 With spirits light and bold,
With no joy-shadowing thoughtfulness
 How youth is growing old ;
With all th' extatic hopes of bliss,
 Forgetfulness of sorrow,
Too full with happiness to-day
 To think what comes to-morrow.

And thou hast been the thoughtful man,
 With all his mighty schemes,
Alas, too oft but visions fair
 Of soul-deluding dreams !
With all his confidence—his strength,
 His free and lofty air,
His search of earth's unreal wealth,
 But fruitful seeds of care.

Thou 'rt aged now—and this my prayer
 To Him, who is the giver
Of holy peace and joy below,
 Of happiness for ever ;
That He will bless thy latter days,
 And when the word is given
To call thy withered form from earth,
 Renew it fair in Heaven !

THE CHANGE.

WHEN Hope's vivid brush
On the canvass of life
Had painted the future so gay,
Stealing brilliant conceptions
From pictures of heaven,
How fair seemed the world's dreary way!

How trusting I looked
On the bright-tinted scene,
How my bosom reflected its gladness!
And o'er the pure mirror
No shadow was seen,
No darkening object of sadness.

But changed—quickly changed,
Is the picture to-day—
Many lines of its beauty have faded,

Hope's roseate colours
Less glowing appear
By clouds of reality shaded.

This world I have found
Is more dark, than it seemed
From the view that was spread to my youth ;
And all I have heard
Of its fair and false smiles
I ween have been tales of the truth.

But Oh, there are hues
On the landscape e'en yet,
So untouched by the cold hand of Sorrow,
Tho' my hopes of to-day
Have deceived as a dream,
I *must* cling to those of to-morrow !

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

THE day is departing, and spirits of even
Are spreading their wings o'er the blue light of heaven :
The day is departing—the silvery moon
Will rise on the pinions of Solitude soon,
And spanglets of darkness, that march in her train,
Will light the pure lamps of their glory again.
So the souls, that are kindled with spark from the skies,
When time is receding, undaunted will rise :
And when the last day-beams of life shall decay,
As brilliant will soar on their heaven-ward way.

THE LAST.

THERE'S a something that's holy, a something that's sweet,
When thinking on memories past;
A glow of affection whene'er we can meet
With tokens that tell of *The last!*

The last time we traversed some soul-hallowed spot,
The fairest of life's thorny way,
The hand of Oblivion never can blot
From the page of Remembrance to-day.

The last fading glimpse of the vessel, that bore
Some friend from his dear native land,
When we thought how we never might look on him more,
And our sorrows besprinkled the strand.

The last glowing look of a dear one's bright eye,
That shone thro' a pure crystal sphere,
Like sun thro' the mist of a summer-morn sky—
How we think on the smile, and the tear.

The last sad farewell from a dark couch of death,
Ere the soul from its bondage had fled,
The murmuring sigh, and the heavy-drawn breath,
And *the last* gaze we took of the dead!

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

SHE stood upon the echoing shore,
She gazed along the sea,
She waited for the bark, that bore
Her husband brave and free.—

Scarce twenty summers now had shed
The woman's full-blown pride,
But passing fair, and nobly bred
Was that sweet sailor's bride.

And Virtue, struck with jealousy
Of Beauty's grand design,
Had stored her soul with feelings high,
Yea, breathing of divine.

She loved.—He was unknown and poor,
And sprung of lowly race,
But oh ! his mind was bright and pure,
Reflected in his face.

His form was tall, and firmly knit,
His bearing bold and high,
His truth, and dauntless courage writ
Within his flashing eye.

The husband this, she loved so well,
Tho' humbly born was he—
Come, noble maidens, freely tell
Could ye not love as she !

Oh yes, ye know that real worth
Is not by wealth confined ;
Nor judged alone by lofty birth,
But by the noble mind.

They were united with the band,
That only Death unties,
Ere he had left his native land,
By fate of war to rise.

They parted!—and I will not tell
The sorrow, and the pain,
The gushing tear, the bosom's swell,
And passion's frenzied reign.

Long, long she mourned her absent one,
Long, long she pined away;
Her beams of hope less brightly shone,
More dimly day by day.

But now the happy hour has come,
That brings her new-born life,
That brings the long-expected home
To cheer his faithful wife.

She hastens wildly to the shore,
With wingèd steps of joy,
Her liveness now is felt no more,
The wished-for moment nigh.

Far o'er the bosom of the sea,
That smiles so calm and bright,
She marks with eye of extacy
A vessel heave in sight.

She lifts aloft her distance-glass,
And points it o'er the wave—
Could ought of earthly joy surpass
The blessed view it gave!

She knows that vessel's flag so fair,
The beacon of her bliss—
Was there below a sight, oh where
A sight to equal this!

On deck with eager, starting gaze
She marks her loved one stand;
The promised signal sees him raise,
And wave with lifted hand.

“He comes! he comes!” she wildly cries,
“His noble form I see!”
“He comes!” yon echoing rock replies,
“My husband comes to me!”

“Oh, for an eagle's rapid wing!
How swiftly would I fly!—
Kind heaven with favouring breezes bring
Yon lovely vessel nigh!”—

Hark ! hark ! what hollow, murmuring roar
Is sweeping o'er the sea,
And rolls along the startled shore,
And echoes fearfully.

Ah, 'tis a distant marshalling blast
The Tempest-demon sounds !—
And quickly has the summons passed
To ocean's utmost bounds.

His ghastly legions thronging fly,
Their monarch to obey,
And midway of the earth and sky
Begin their direful play.

Now bending on tempestuous wing,
They take a lower flight,
And frowning, in the rearward bring
The horror, and the night.

Darts fiercely now the dazzling flash
From lightning's vivid eye,
With dread, reverberating crash
Of heaven's artillery.

Wilder and wilder grows the rage
Of elemental power :
Earth, sea, and firmament engage—
Oh, 'tis a fearful hour !

And where is she, the lovely form,
The gentle, and the fair !
Amid the mad, and frantic storm
Alas ! can she be there ?

Ah yes ! I see that fragile thing,
I hear a piteous cry,
A wild note echoing from the string
Of inward agony !

Unseen the lightning's flashing glare,
Unheard the thunder's roar ;
With cold wind whistling thro' her hair,
She raves along the shore !

Like some unreal phantom seems,
Or vision of the night,
Creation but of Fancy's dreams,
That flies at morning's light.

'Twere vain to say what passions swell
 Within her tortured breast ;
Alas ! her frenzied air can tell
 What scarce can be expressed.

She starts !—What means yon reddening light,
 That streams athwart the sky,
And 'mid the tempest's awful night
 Is flaming broad and high !—

Struck by a bolt, yon vessel brave
 Is burning on the deep !—
She shrieks "Oh God, my husband save !
 "Oh God, my husband keep !"

Once more with failing accent calls
 On Heaven's protecting care ;
Then fainting on the sand she falls,
 And lies unconscious there.

Stretched on the cold dark shore to see
 A form so frail and slight,
A wife so fond, so true as she,
 Oh ! 'twas a grievous sight.

And He, who holds the wind and wave
 Within his sovereign hand,
Whose all-protecting power can save
 On ocean, as on land.

Who is alone of death and life
 The Lord, and Arbiter,
He saw her bosom's awful strife,
 He saw, and pitied her.

He marked her fall, and quickly sent
 A guardian angel down,
To check each warring element,
 And light the tempest's frown.

The storm is stilled—and o'er the tide
 A crowded boat appears,
She bounds with vigorous oars applied—
 The welcome shore she nears.

And now that prostrate form awakes
 As from a fearful night,
And oh, a blessed morning breaks
 Upon her raptured sight!

•

The boat comes bounding fast to land—
A well-known voice is there,
Her husband leaps upon the strand—
Ah, Heaven has heard the prayer !

She rushes on.—His name she calls,
In breathless tone expressed ;
Within his loved embrace she falls,
And faints upon his breast !

PARTING.

It is, methinks, a grievous thing
From those we love, to part;
The sad, the mortal severing
Of heart from kindred heart!

A wound affection deeply feels,
E'en when our hope is strong,
And half the bosom's torture heals,
That we may meet ere long.

But oh! 'tis death to bid farewell,
When we and loved ones sever:
To part, and meet we cannot tell,
Or when—or where—if ever!

THE SIGH AND THE SMILE.

Ort do I muse on days gone by,
When Hope entranced my soul awhile;
And when Remembrance calls a sigh,
Remembrance too will raise a smile.

The sigh—for faithless dreams of bliss,
Erewhile my heart would fain believe;
Nor think a world so fair as this,
Seemed beauteous only to deceive.

The smile—a melancholy ray;
Like pallid moonbeam's sickly glare,
That cheers the sun's deserted way,
And tells how bright he glittered there!

ALL IS VANITY.

OUR pleasures vain.—The frailest flowers,
That bloom, and wither in a day,
More lasting are than joys of ours,
That scarce remain so long as they :
As some unwonted glare by night,
That fires the gloom-bemantled sky,
A moment strikes the startled sight,
And ere another, is gone by.

Our sorrows vain.—The keenest thorn
That tortures life's uncertain road,
Is but a monitor to warn
The soul, whom pleasure leads from God ;
Tho' bitter then the friendly cup,
Why murmur when we taste the draught,
Nor rather nobly drink it up—
'T would sweeter be, if boldly quaffed.

Our hopes are vain.—Our hopes of earth—
 To souls immortal only given,
That disappointment might give birth
 To aspirations after heaven.
We trust a short-lived meteor's ray,
 But find its glory quickly gone,
And when the beam hath passed away,
 More eager wait for morning's sun.

Our fears are vain.—The Hands that keep
 The folds of earth, are full and free,
And eyes, that watch the blood-bought sheep,
 Their wishes, and their wants can see.
The veriest insect lives to boast
 The bounties of it's Maker's care,
And will not man He loves the most,
 His gracious gifts as richly share !

Affections vain.—It may be sweet
 On earth's lone scene to find a friend ;
But scarce congenial bosoms meet,
 Ere Death will bid their union end.
Then wherefore link two hearts in one,
 When life's green withe, that binds together
Those kindred spirits, may be gone
 With first rude blast of Time's false weather.

All these are vain—uncertain all—
Unreal, unsubstantial things,
Much valued now, but needs must fall,
When life's tired eagle folds his wings.
Eternal woe, eternal joy,
And hopes that cannot die away—
Let thoughts of these the soul employ,
For 'tis immortal—so are they !

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING.

X
I've heard thee sing a merry song,
Should light my soul with gladness ;
Thine eyes were bright, and gay the tongue,
Untuned to notes of sadness :
But e'en while listening, many a thought
Of drear regret came o'er me,
For then Reflection's spirit brought
The future's view before me.

Sweet girl! thou singest gaily now—
Life's lyre with hope is swelling ;
The sun of Friendship glads thy brow,
No *change* it's brightness quelling ;

But soon the cords may be unstrung,
The light be dim or faded ;
And skies with mantling glory hung,
May soon be darkly shaded.

But while such sad, untimely thought
Shed gloom within my bosom,
From Hope's dear tree some spirit brought
A fair, and lovely blossom ;
That lit my contemplation's way,
And smiled, as tho' 'twere given
To chide my fears, that seemed to say
"Thou trustest not in Heaven !"

And then I breathed a fervent prayer,
Thy song might still flow lightly,
From lips, and heart, as free of care,
With eyes that beam as brightly :
Till thou shalt join th' harmonious song,
Thro' heaven of heavens ascending,
That rolls its endless strains along,
In chorus never-ending.

THE BEGGARS.

THERE'S one an aged, weak old man,
With hoary locks of gray,
Whose tear-ploughed cheek, and wrinkled brow,
The work of grief betray.

Another is a lovely girl,
With features wan and pale,
Whose eyes, bedimmed with sorrow, tell
A sad, and piteous tale.

A little orphan follows next,
That scarce can lisp his woes,
But well his lonely wretchedness
Each feeling bosom knows.

And who are these, who seek our doors
With doubting, fearful tread;
And wherefore come they suppliant here?—
Oh God! they beg for bread!

THE LOVE OF CHILDHOOD.

THE love of childhood is a holy thing,
To none, save young and guileless bosom given;
Not marred by dross of earth, a crystal spring,
That flows unmingled from the fount of Heaven.

THE CAPTIVE.

ALONE in his dungeon the captive is lying,
And darkness indeed overshadows his brow,
For last tints of Hope on the landscape are dying,
And what can illumine its dreariness now!

Can he think on the dear absent wife of his bosom?—
Yes he can—but it plants a keen thorn in his heart,
For the rose of their love has been crushed in the blossom,
And they seemed but united, for ever to part.

Oh! methinks none can tell of the soul-rending anguish,
The death-equal sorrow of husband, or wife,
When doomed in captivity's fetters to languish,
Unloosed from the ties, that have bound them to life.

Can he think of his children—those darling endearers
Of e'en the fierce toil, since endured but for them ;
Of each gloomy spot on his life-scene the cheerers,
As dark robes are lit with the sparkling gem?—

Yes he can—but 'tis only to mourn for their sadness,
For tears, he knows well they are weeping for him ;
Or only to torture his spirit to madness,
That light of their childhood is shaded and dim.

Can he think of his country—the land of his fathers,
The dearest, the loveliest land upon earth ;
From whose mystic influence the patriot gathers
Those feelings, that scarce are engendered of earth?—

Yes ! he pictures that country, deserted—forsaken—
He sighs for those evils the conquered must know,
And fires of revenge in his bosom awaken,
But are quenched by the fierce-gushing waters of woe.

Oh, sad is the cup to the poor captive given !
And bitter, full bitter indeed, is the bread !
From wife, children, country—from Hope sadly riven,
He lives, but 'tis only to wish he were dead.

HOPE.

SUGGESTED BY THE LAST LINE BUT ONE IN THE PRECEDING POEM.

CEASE, cease, vain Muse, thy saddening strain—

I must thy words deny ;

Hope's lamp may flicker, or may wane,

But oh, 'twill never die !

It is a co-essential flame .

With life's etherial fire—

One mighty source of light they claim,

Together shall expire.

It is an exhalation pure,

That scents the foulest air ;

Whose odorous perfume will endure

'Mid noxious blasts of care.

For that eternal flower, from whence
 Its sweets to man are given,
Is planted on an eminence,
 Where vapours reach not—heaven.

Then, Muse, thy saddening strains have done !
 Hope ne'er within us dies ;
For 'tis a ray, whose endless sun
 Is burning in the skies.

“JESUS WEPT.”

THE Lord of glory wept—
And many a flaming eye,
That o'er his head its vigils kept,
Was dimmed with sympathy :
For angels' tears methinks would flow,
When Jesus' cheek was dewed with woe.

He wept !—Oh, precious tears !—
Of more surpassing worth
Than dew-drops of a thousand spheres,
Than all the gems of earth :
For veriest essence from the skies
Alone might dim the Saviour's eyes.—

Muse, cease a strain like this !—
The sorrows, that could spring
From bosom sinless, pure, as His
Let heavenly minstrel sing :
To seraph's lyre a theme resign,
Too high for feeble cords of thine !

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Oh! say not to me that “the language of flowers”
Is a vain, or a frivolous thing,
For the voice that is heard from their roseate bowers,
A song of instruction will sing.

They tell us of life—of its vanishing pleasures,
That are no less enchanting than they;
The false-shining gold of our earth-gotten treasures,
And world-kindled hopes, that betray.

So beautiful now, to be faded ere long,
Or rudely be plucked from the stem;
Oh, sweetly they tell with admonishing tongue,
How like all we value to them!

Fair emblems of passions that reign in the breast,
Those pure ones scarce tainted with sin ;
Their sôul-stirring notes, to the feelings addressed,
Find an echo responsive within !

But the noblest tale, that their loveliness tells,
Is the praise of their own grand design,
Joining Nature's great strain, that unceasingly swells
Round the throne of their Author divine.

Then say not to me that "the language of flowers"
Is a vain, or a frivolous thing,
For the voice that is heard from their roseate bowers,
A song of instruction will sing.

THE LAST CHILD.

A FATHER'S ADDRESS TO CONSUMPTION.

AND wilt thou take my last sweet flower !

Must she untimely fade away !—

Oh, spare me this—relentless Power,

Nor bid her opening bloom decay !

I am a lonely man, bereft

Of all I loved in life, save one—

This little treasure only left,

My wife, my offspring, all are gone !

I've nurtured up this tender plant

With all a widowed father's care ;

I've prayed the Lord of life to grant

His brightest heaven, his purest air :

I've veiled her from the scorching sun,
I've shielded off the wintry blast,—
I knew she was my only one,
And much I feared to lose my last.

But all is vain!—The hectic flush
Comes rushing o'er her gentle face,
That seems as Death himself would blush
To tear her from her sire's embrace :
I mark her keenly-glistening eye,
And mine with tears is dimmed the while ;
And oft she'll ask with plaintive sigh,
What makes me sad to see her smile.

And must she die!—so fair, so young !
And must I lose my priceless gem !
Affection's cords be *all* unstrung !
The last rose severed from its stem !
It must be so !—Consumption ! well
I know thy every dreadful token ;
Or soon, or late, thy power must tell,
Then will my heart indeed be broken.

TEARS.

TEARS are the crystal drops that flow
From over-burdened clouds of woe ;
Each one a pure and sparkling gem
On Sorrow's sable diadem.

When blasted flowers of earth-born bliss
Tell what a treacherous world is this,
Their withered leaves, yet loved and dear,
We dew with many a glittering tear.

When those we love right fondly, bring
Some tale of grievous suffering,
Those limpid brilliants truly tell
What feelings in our bosom swell.

When Death his gloomy pall hath spread
Above a dear departed head,
We bend upon the gloomy bier,
And light its darkness with a tear.

When Memory's voice in after day
Awakes some sad, melodious lay,
She weeps her solemn lyre upon
For loves, for joys, for friendships gone.

But oft a bright one fills the eye,
Sweet effluence of extacy :
Methinks such griefless one as this
Might dim an angel's eyes in bliss.

It stands in flashing glance of youth,
What time he vows unchanging truth,
Pure distillation from the stream
Of Hope, that glads his early dream.

I've seen it dim the maiden's eye,
And speak her changeless constancy ;
I've seen it course her roseate cheek,
And tell the joy she cannot speak.

I've seen it fill the mother's gaze,
And there its diamond glow betrays
That very impulse from above,
That holy thing,—a mother's love.

Yes! there are tears of joy, and woe—
The sad ones oftenest wept below ;
But blissful tears alone shall be
The dew-drops of eternity.

THE BRIDE.

SHE stood by the altar a beautiful bride,
And glad was her bosom that day;
Tho' heaving full oft with a sigh of regret,
Tho' tears trembled bright in her eye-lid of jet,
As her fond father gave her away.

We bade her farewell—and a last kiss she took
From her sire, from her sister, and brother;
And we wept, as we looked on a sorrowful sight,
That well might the warmth of our feelings excite,—
A bride taking leave of a mother!

From the home of her childhood we saw her depart
To weather the world's mighty storm;
And some breathed a prayer, as she faltered "Good byes,"
And some wiped a tear from their grief-filling eyes,
As vanished her light, fairy form.

We watched till the carriage had faded from view,
That bore the dear treasure away ;
Then many a tale of remembrance was told,
How she counselled the young, how she succoured the old,
And ever was cheerful and gay.

We shall miss her I ween—but we'll think on her still,
And Fancy shall bring her to view,
With the husband she loves walking life's mazy road,
That Hope pictures bright with the smiles of her God,
And thus let us bid her adieu !

THE DYING SOLDIER.

ALONG the blood-washed battle-plain
A warrior brave was lying,
And thus was heard his mournful strain
' Mid chorus of the dying:

“Oh, God of mercy, spare my life!

“And I am reconciled—

“I have a young, and faithful wife,

“I have a darling child!

“I am their hope, their joy, their all,

“That mortals love below—

“And shall I thus untimely fall!—

“Alas, 'tis even so!

"I feel the cold, cold hand of Death

"Come pressing on my brow ;

"His sword is parted from its sheath,

"And I must yield me now.

"And I could die without a groan,

"And quaff the cup of gall ;

"Were all its bitterness mine own,

"I'd freely drink it all.

"But Oh! my baby boy, my wife—

"Ye drive me nigh to madness,

"And shroud my flickering lamp of life

"With more than mortal sadness!—

"Ten thousand tongues will shout the tale,

"How victory o'er us shone,

"But yours will be the fearful wail,

"For husband—father—gone!

"For mine will stand with many a name

"Of warrior spirits fled,

"Scarce written on the page of Fame,

"Ere numbered with the dead.

“God help ye now!—To Him alone
“Your sorrows I commend,
“Who calls the orphan child His own,
“Who is the widow’s friend.

“Now farewell all!—Death’s sable night
“Comes mantling o’er mine eye,
“My soul hath spread its wings for flight,
“Receive it, Lord!—I die!”—

A BIRTH-DAY POEM.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Oh list, my gentle maiden,
To the tributary lay,
A Muse, who loves thee well, would sing
On this, thy natal day;
Tho' harsh, or unattuned to song
The minstrel's lyre may be,
Accept the feelings of a heart,
That warmly beats for thee!

Thou art young, my gentle maiden—
But this world to thee hath been
A dreary spot beset with thorns,
Where roses should be seen :
For thou hast lost a father's care,
And wept the orphan's tear ;
Hast heard a mother's dying prayer—
Oh, fearful thing to hear !

Thou art fair, my gentle maiden—
 Tho' life's ungenial spring
Might have blasted now thy loveliness,
 Thou light, and fragile thing!
But thou art like the snowdrop,
 From winter-storms that grows,
Tho' pale, and slight, yet beautiful
 As summer's fairest rose.—

My heart is beating highly now
 With fervent hopes for thee,
That noon-day's sun may chase the gloom
 Of morn's dark memory:
And tho' some thought-clouds from the past
 May cross the brightening sky,
They but may be as passing showers,
 Or tears from infant's eye.

I picture thee 'mid constant friends
 In many a smiling hour,
I see thee tread right happily
 In pleasure's verdant bower:
I fancy thee a lovely bride,
 A dear, and faithful wife,
Delight of him, who shares with thee
 The mingled scene of life.

May all my heartfelt wishes, be
Thy fate of future years,
And glad shall be thy journey
Thro' a wilderness of tears :
The rosiest, brightest, pathway thine,
That ever mortal trod,
Cheered by the sweetest flowers of earth,
The sunshine of thy God !

SONG.

THE CONSTANT ONE.

THEY bid me think no more of thee,
 "Thou never canst be mine,—
"Thou hast no glittering wealth for me,
 "No wide domains are thine!"

They bring me one of lordly race—
 His pomp, his power they tell;
And thus my fervent thoughts would chase
 Of him, I love so well.

They picture to my girlish mind
 Proud scenes of bright array,
And tell me I was sure designed
 To grace such scenes as they.

But vain is all!—a kingdom's throne,
A Sovereign's proffered hand
Could never make my heart his own,
Or loose its plighted band.

No bribe may change a maiden's love,
When firmly, fondly placed;—
Like starry beams that burn above,
It cannot be effaced.

Then fear me not!—I'm true to thee,
Whatever may betide;—
Another's I would never be,—
Not e'en a monarch's bride.



THE DEAD.


'Tis sweet to muse upon the dead,
At evening's still and solemn hour,
When Contemplation best can shed
Her soothing, soul-instructing power :
To roam the church-yard's hallowed ground,
Where those we loved, in slumber lie,
While vesper-chimings seem to sound
Their sad and plaintive lullaby.

What time the sun's last lingering smile
On many a lowly tombstone plays,
And minstrel birds attune the while
To parting day their requiem lays ;
'Tis then I love to take my seat
Beneath the mournful cypress tree,
And there to hold communion sweet
With spirits of eternity.

Here lies an infant—one so fair
That angels envied earth the boon ;—
They knew it might not flourish there,
And prayed that Heaven would take it soon :
And now it joins the children-band,
That Jesus hath declared His own,
Whose white-robed spirits circling stand,
As rosebud-wreaths around His throne.

Methought it was a holy thing,
When late I watched that infant die,
Saw Death without his poisoned sting,
The Grave bereft of victory :—
And now I love to look upon
The ground that holds its mouldering clay,
And think th' immortal soul hath gone,
Nor shares the kindred earth's decay.

Here lies a maiden.—I have seen
Her graceful form, her witching face,
Her fairy step, and noble mien,
That well a regal throne might grace ;—
She seemed to me no earthly thing,
But some incarnate angel, given
To aid the mind's imagining
Of seraphs bright, that dwell in heaven.



I wist not then how Death delights
 With purest gems to deck his throne,
The loveliest flowers full often blights,
 And fits them thus to be his own :
No—when I gazed upon her last,
 I never dreamed to find her here,
And ere a few brief months had passed
 Above her tombstone shed a tear !—

And here an aged traveller rests—
 His lengthened, lingering, journey o'er ;—
He came to Death's expecting guests,
 Who thought to meet him long before :
A good old man—I knew him well,—
 Together many a day we've spent,
And now my feelings highly swell
 Above his simple monument.

I watched him gently pass away,
 As wearied sun from western skies,
As autumn's golden leaves decay
 When winter's early blasts arise.
And now the old, remembered form,
 The reverend face no more I see ;—
Too frail at length for life's rough storm,
 God took him where he fain would be.

Adieu, ye dear departed ones !—

I love to think upon you yet,
And here above your slumbering bones

To vent the sorrows of regret.

Adieu, awhile !—Again we meet !—

Whene'er the summons shall be given,
Ye would I know my coming greet,
And welcome me at gate of heaven !

' *Tis* sweet to muse upon the dead,

At evening's still and solemn hour,
When Contemplation best can shed
Her soothing, soul-instructing power :
To roam the church-yard's hallowed ground,
Where those we loved, in slumber lie,
While vesper-chimings seem to sound
Their sad and plaintive lullaby.

THE UNHAPPY BRIDE.

I SEE her tread the festive hall,
And gladly gay she seems to be ;
She joins the bright and featly ball,
And seems to love its revelry ;—
But I can mark the lurid cloud
That broods upon her jewelled brow,—
A shadow from the funeral shroud,
That robes her fondest wishes now.

They've given her maiden hand away,
Where she could ne'er bestow her heart ;
A father's will she can obey,
Affection's tie she cannot part :—
There's *one* she loves right dearly still,
There's *one* who loves her madly yet,
There are two hearts responsive thrill
With keenest pangs of vain regret !

A rich and lordly rival came,
And lured a sordid parent's soul ;
He boasted fortune, power, and name,
The dregs of this world's mingled bowl :—
'Twas thus he gained her hand by stealth,
He gave the father's pride increase,
Till on the golden shrine of wealth,
He sacrificed his daughter's peace !

And now she is a Noble's bride,
And there amid the glittering train,
She would her struggling anguish hide,
Nor let a tear-drop fall again.—
Methinks it is a piteous sight,
That angels' eyes might weep to see,
And I must bid the scene good night,
Or soon 'twill make a child of me.

BEWARE.

BEWARE of whatever is fair to the view,
Melodious and pleasant to hear;
Of all that the mind may imagine as true,—
For the reign of Deception is here !

Beware of the sun, when he glitters so bright,
That clouds seem as things that have been,
But have wrapped all their gloom round the bosom of night,
No longer to darken the scene !

Beware of the instrument, powerful and sweet,
For music or plaintive, or grand;
On whose cords the spirits of harmony meet,
Invited by masterly hand !

Beware of the rose-bud so lovely to-day,
Like a gem on the green robe of earth ;
Untouched by a symptom of blight or decay,
As e'er at the hour of its birth !

For soon a black cloud may envelope the sky,
And snapped be the musical strings,
The bloom of the flower in a moment may die,—
Then trust not such vanishing things !

And of Fortune, of Friendship, of Happiness here,
Awhile we're permitted to share,
With all that seems pleasant, unfading, sincere,—
They all are but shadows ;—Beware !



THE FIRST-BORN SLAIN.

“And it came to pass, that at midnight the LORD smote all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sat on the throne unto the firstborn of the captive that *was* in the dungeon ; and all the firstborn of cattle.”

And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he, and all his servants, and all the Egyptians ; and there was a great cry in Egypt ; for *there was* not a house where *there was* not one dead.”

Exodus, chap. xii. verses, 29, 30.

THE night-winds sighed their latest breath
O'er Egypt's wasted land,
When God unsheathed the sword of Death,
And nerved the Angel's hand :—
Creation seemed in horror deep
To close her fearful eyes,
And stillness of suspense to keep
For Heaven's dread sacrifice.

The moon was smiling mournfully
 With sad, and sombre light ;
The stars in dimness seemed to vie,
 As shrinking from the sight :
The very dome of heaven was dark
 With some unwonted shade,
Nor meteor ventured forth a spark
 Its dreariness to invade.

Ten thousand eyes are closed in sleep,
 That ne'er shall ope again ;
Ten thousand more shall wake to weep
 For Death's appalling reign.—
The monarch on his downy bed,
 The captive in his cell,—
Each calmly lays his fearless head,
 Nor dreams but all is well.

The mother clasps her darling boy,
 And hushes him to rest—
The little heart that soon must lie
 Cold, cold, upon her breast :—
The wistless child is slumbering,
 While fate stands watching near ;—
'Mid dreams of young imagining
 He revels void of fear.

But hark!—a dread, an awful cry
In one dire moment given,
Re-echoes through the vaulted sky,
As when by thunder riven :
It rises from the palace dome,
The lowly, clay-built shed,—
Oh God! the joy of every home,
The first-born hope is dead!

The noble, gay, and gallant youth,
The maiden brightly fair—
Their lips that vowed unaltered truth,
Are cold, and livid there :
The child, the little infant lie,
As blasted flowers of spring :—
To see such early victims die
It was a piteous thing!

But 'twas Jehovah's fierce command,
Nor Death could disobey,
Or pity might have held his hand
From lovely ones as they!—
The fathers' guilt had called aloud
For vengeance from the skies,
And Vengeance spread the children's shroud,
Before their parents' eyes.

God ! Thou art mighty, Thou art great,
And judgments are Thine own ;
The herald messengers of Fate
Stand waiting round Thy throne :—
Thy wrath fell fierce on Egypt's land,
On all her guilty powers ;—
Oh, keep *us* more to Thy command,
Lest soon it fall on ours !

CAN WE FORGET.

CAN we forget the times of yore,
The hours that we have seen,
When Life the robe of gladness wore
In Childhood's paths of green :
Ere thorns had lined the pleasant way,
And torn each silken fold ;—
Oh, can our memories ever stray
From happy days of old !
Whate'er our fate —where'er we go,
These things, can we forget them ?—No !

Can we forget our Youth's dear home,
Tho' distant now it be,
Tho' many a league from thence we roam,
Or cross the mighty sea :—
The countless hours of joy we've spent
Around its cheerful fire ;

Its peace, its comfort, and content,
That now we but desire.
Whate'er our fate, where'er we go,
These things, can we forget them?—No!

Can we forget the old church-bells,
That pealed along the air,
In merry chimes, or solemn knells,
Or glad-toned calls to prayer:—
The sacred pile on Sabbath sought,
Where sweet instruction given,
Our young soul's footsteps early taught
The narrow way to heaven.
Whate'er our fate—where'er we go,
These things, can we forget them?—No!

Can we forget the favourite walk
In some sequestered dell,
Where birds, and leaves, and streamlets talk,
And fairy-spirits dwell:
Where first we knew the bosom-glow,
That Nature can impart,
And felt the tide of feeling flow
Around our youthful heart.
Whate'er our fate—where'er we go,
These things, can we forget them?—No!

And those dear friends, whose presence then

Endeared each lovely spot,

Whom here we ne'er shall see again,

But ne'er can be forgot;

Whose memory now comes o'er the mind

As some sweet magic spell;

The good, the gentle, and the kind,

That long we've bid farewell.

Whate'er our fate—where'er we go,

These things, can we forget them?—No!

HOPES AND FEARS.

WHAT are earth's gay hopes of gladness?—

Blossoms rarely bringing fruit :

Deck to-day Life's tree of sadness,—

Fade,—and leave it destitute.

What are earth-born fears of sorrow?—

Clouds, that threaten storm and rain,

Lour awhile, but ere to-morrow

Leave the landscape bright again.

What are radiant hopes of heaven?—

Suns, that light this world of ours,

Beams from throne of glory given,

Buds, that bring undying flowers.

What are fears of hell?—Oh, never
May we their completion know!—
Streams that run to Grief's dark river,
Never ceasing in its flow!

THE FRIENDS WE LOVE.

WHEN is it life seems doubly dear,
And death, of all, the saddest thing;
When seem our pleasures most sincere,
Our griefs not worth the reckoning;
When scarce, methinks, we could decide,
Were our glad souls the option given,
In earth's dark mansion to abide,
Or be transported thence to heaven?—
Oh, 'tis the time of joy so sweet,
Well nigh all earthly bliss above,
Whene'er in happy hours we meet
The friends who love us—those we love!

When is it suns are doubly bright,
And skies of more etherial blue;
More radiant glow the orbs of night,
More purely sparkles morning dew:

When lovelier seem the summer flowers,
And shed a richer scent abroad;
When chant the birds in shady bowers
A sweeter song of praise to God?—
Oh, 'tis the time, when those are near
With whom life's path we fain would rove,
Whose presence can each charm endear,
The friends who love us—those we love!

When is it clouds less black appear,
That darkened late the lowering sky;—
When darts the thunderbolt less near,
And lightnings shoot undreaded by:
Less fiercely raves the tempest wind,
Around the nighted traveller's head;
When seems the thorny path more kind,
The flinty road less hard to tread?—
Oh, 'tis the time, when not alone,
The heartfelt solace we can prove,
That every feeling breast must own—
Of friends who love us—those we love!

Yes, where's the happiness on earth,
But Friendship renders sweeter far,
Of tenfold richer, costlier worth,
Than ought of *lonely* pleasures are:

And where's the sorrow hearts can feel,
How keen soe'er its pang may be,
But Friendship can some charm reveal
To quell one half its extacy?—
Oh, may we pass our journey here,
And meet again in bliss above—
(For heaven with *them* were still more dear)
The friends who love us—those we love!

THE END.

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